



It was such a straggling, wooden-walled, drink-blighted little town with seven saloons and billiard halls and one unpainted frame meeting-house. Not that one should insist upon meeting-houses, but one might dispense with an overplus of saloons and billiard halls. They keep down the advancement and prosperity of a small town as whisky retards the growth of puppies. The postmaster said so, and what he said went, because he was neither a hypocrite nor a fool. The small town's name was set out on a three-foot board on the station veranda, and when the train slowed up passengers could spell out the legend, only five letters. "Doonee." Every nation under heaven, almost, had a representative in Doonee. Norwegians and Swedes burned charcoal; a Chinaman had a laundry; a Jap who despised the almond-eyed washer-man, and was aided in his scorn by his Western wife, kept a tailor shop; a German had one saloon, a Scot, a Celt and a Dago three more. During the excitement of a fire in Doonee one heard quite a cosmopolitan chatter, each foreigner speaking out of the fullness of his heart in the language of his native land. They were receptive people in Doonee: every new fad in religion, provided it was crazy enough, every new comic song, every dancing school step (they danced con amore in Doonee), every stranger was cordially welcomed and adopted. There were more divorced than single folks in Doonee and about six married couples. Never in such a small town were collected such a number of shady, reckless, demoralized and generally hopeless folks. They talked in a brazen and strident manner about the political and financial affairs of the nation, the scandals of divorce courts and the prize ring. The postmaster read them all the details of the Panama scandal, and they set upon the only Frenchman in town and rode him on a rail. They were not a shooting crowd, and ready recourse to a "gun" did not find favor in their eyes, for there were no miners, but plenty of cowards there. Charcoal burners, tall, golden-haired Swedes and powerfully built Norwegians, who yearned for wife and baby in the far-off home land, and lived terrible lives here in America; tobacco-dried, shrewd men, who "boasted" these tolling giants; a pale drugist and his sickly wife; the auto-rat postmaster and his quiet "missus," middle-aged folk, who kept much at home; three long-haired and tobacco-chewing ministers, who were photographer, sewing machine agent and dentist respectively on week days, and who preached alternate Sunday mornings in the dingy frame meeting-house the rankest orations; impossible women, who feared neither man nor fiend, and whose calloused consciences nothing could waken into feeling; a very few young men—sallow, port, irreverent



and contemptible; several negroes, enormous, brutalized and sly—such was the town census of Doonee. The latest fad which had seized upon the town was engineered by the faith cure apostles, who held meetings night after night in the meeting house; who cured old, bet's rheumatism and made pale Mercy Mole, the druggist's daughter, throw away the crutch and walk and dance. Great excitement and enthusiasm was the result of these successes, which the gross ignorance of the townspeople pronounced a miracle, with their usual impetuosity they raved and believed, and when the only really pretty and pure child in the town was stricken with fever, the town gloried in the occurrence and sat down to wait for another faith cure miracle. This child was the pet of the whole community, from the grossest giant in the pine woods, whose heart melted under the soft gaze and light caress of the little winsome maid, to the postmaster, who ran to lift her over the counter and cry: "Missus—ere's little Missie a-visitin'." She was worse than fatherless, this bairn, for her mother was a deceived and deserted girl. Really deceived, for she had believed herself a lawful wife, until the small girl was a year old, and had held up her early head in innocent pride of her "handsome gentleman," as the admiring townspeople called her husband. Had Doonee folks liked hands on him after his deceit was known, the "handsome gentleman's" career would have summarily ended, but he disappeared too quickly even for lynch law. When

little Missie fell ill, the people interviewed the faith cure apostles and gave them clearly to understand that her cure was imperative. They believed, but they used strong pressure. Great sons of Anak came, and thick-lipped negroes and terrible women and tobacco-chewing men, and with one voice the nations demanded that little Missie be "righted." The head apostle, a silver-haired, fat man, and his confrere, a hollow-eyed and lanky exhorter, bowed gravely and summoned the sisters, who completed the quartette, to the bedside of the unconscious child. They touched the palms of her burning little hands with holy oil, and moaned and postured beside her. Then as she muttered and moaned they sang and the watchers joined in the chorus. Her mother went from the room with flaming eyes; she seized upon the quiet wife of the postmaster. "Get a doctor," she gasped; "they are killing her." The postmaster's wife led her away to where the crowd could not see or hear. "My dear," she said, "I wrote at once to my niece who is a doctor, and she will be here on the train to-night. But you must not quarrel with the people, you must outwit them." Then as the girl-mother stared at her uncomprehendingly she added: "When my niece comes she will find a way." The whistle of the incoming train sounded as she spoke. "Go back—try and bear it a little longer," she whispered and slipped away. One sister was exhorting the crowd in the tiny sitting room to prayer, and beyond, on her wee white bed, tossed and raved little Missie, all unconscious of the din which seemed like fiendish torture to the outraged mother. They sang as they prayed, and as they lustily lifted a favorite hymn, "Come, Spirit, Heal the Child," the outer door flew open and in the gathering gloom stood a very spirit form with smiling face and golden hair, with wide blue eyes and a tall lovely form robed in classic garments. A little Roman lamp was in her hand and her other hand was raised as if to command silence from the awe-struck sitters. The faith cure quartette fell on their knees and covered their faces as the radiant form glided slowly toward them. Softly she raised the little child in her arms and as slowly glided from the room into the darkening night. The postmaster's wife closed the door and said, "Let every one sing the Doxology." And sing they did, once, twice, thrice, and then the faith cure quartette were besieged with questions. "Was it an angel?" "Had the child been taken to Paradise?" "How did they account for it?" The quartette were strangely silent; they bowed their heads and looked at one another, and finally when the postmaster's wife suggested that the crowd should all go home, and offered to remain with the girl's mother, they rushed out in tumultuous and delightful excitement with the story of the visitation. The faith cure quartette were last to quit the room; as they went the dark-haired man turned and said in hollow tones: "Cursed be the soul that mocks at holy things," and the postmaster's wife responded scornfully: "Oh, you get out before the warrant comes," which he did with a very ugly word. Then the door of an inner room opened, and the spirit came quickly back still holding the child in her arms. "You poor little woman," she said compassionately to the mother. "I am going to take this child back with me to the city hospital. She is very ill! Will you come, or will you stay with auntie? I'll take good care of her and bring her back when she's well. Oh, auntie wasn't it a success? And who'd have thought my old Greek tablecloth rig would have carried it off so well?" The postmaster's wife took the sick child into her arms. "Go in and change your things before you take cold, my dear," she said, laughing. Then she turned to the child's mother: "Will you trust her with little Missie? You can go up to the city if all doesn't go on well, but I am sure my niece will cure her." The girl-mother looked at the golden-haired figure in its bare feet and classic robe. "Is she a real woman?" she said nervously. "To be sure I am; a real woman-doctor, and I must take your baby away from this nest of thieves and impostors before they murder her. Apostles, indeed! That lantern-jawed man was under arrest for theft in our hospital and jumped his bail, and I think I know the ugly faces of those sisters, too! The old chap was dismissed from the church for drinking. A nice lot! Now, auntie, I'm shod and clothed and have just ten minutes before train time. Shall I take Missie with me?" The young mother faltered, looked into the kindly waiting face, and silently placed Missie in the outstretched arms of the Healing Spirit. As Coleridge Put It. Coleridge, the poet, while a student at Cambridge university, affected a peculiar style of conversation. At the dinners in the hall where the students dined, the real served up was large and coarse. Speaking of it, Coleridge said: "We have veal, sir, bettering on the edge of beef."—Argonaut.

The Wrong Confidante. She—I hear you are going to marry a rich widow. He—No, I love her to desperation, but I cannot ask her to be my wife. She—What is the obstacle? He—Her money. She—Goes to her husband's family if she remarries.—Life.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

THE CHICK SPRING STYLES ARE NOW WITH US.

Cheviot Seems to Be the Favorite Material for the Season—A Mother Hubbard Not to Be Frowned at—A Seat Dress for Afternoons.

Cheviot for Spring Gowns. Cheviot is to be the favorite material for spring dresses. It is shown in all the charming light tints of gray, green and brown, in stripes, checks, mottled effects and dots. One of the prettiest gowns made of it is of



A SPRING GOWN.

pale chocolate brown and white checks, which are not very clearly defined. The skirt is plain. The bodice has a full vest of white surah with horizontal lines of coarse white insertion. The rather full revers which outline the vest are double, the deep under ones being of white silk and the shorter over ones of the cheviot.

A Mother Hubbard. For her own room Dolly has a gown that would reconcile the heart of man to the Mother Hubbard, if a man should see it and guess that it was his old pet version. It is of soft, pale yellow China silk, the color of prim-



THE LATEST MOTHER HUBBARD.

roses. There is a short, tucked yoke. That is outlined by a band of black velvet and below the band is a puff of yellow silk, also outlining the yoke, and in its turn edged by another band of black velvet. The effect of this is to make the yoke a very deep one. From it the gown falls straight to Dolly's feet. About her throat is a little ruffle of yellow lace, and the puffs of sleeves end at the elbow in a similar ruffle.

Dainty Napery. Elaborate specimens are shown in the tea cloths. They come in patterns from twenty-four inches to a yard and a half square, and are exquisitely finished with white or delicately tinted embroidery silks. Sometimes the corners alone are decorated. Fleur-de-lis is a favorite design. Big flowers in the corners and a garland of blooms of the same species running about the edges, tied at intervals with bow-knots, may be seen upon late modes. Doilies must be embroidered to match cloth. Colored sets are little used for breakfast or for fruit. White is much daintier and so has the preference. Monograms or initials grace both cloths and napkins. You must place monogram or letter, which should be from an inch to an inch and a half in length, upon one corner of the napkin, while for the table cover the letter or letters must be three inches high and so placed that they will appear either inside the edge of the table after cover is arranged or upon one corner.

Pieces of damask, as well as plain linen designed for luncheon, are hemstitched or trimmed with lace. Accompanying napkins are simply hemstitched. Mexican drawn work frequently appears above a finish of knotted fringe.

Russia's Family Jewels.

A lady who has been much at the court of Russia, and who was in the winter palace when the attempt on the life of the Emperor Alexander was made by blowing up the dining room, gives most interesting information on the family jewels. There is no conception of the vast wealth the Russian royal family has in jewels and precious metals. The crown jewels are so countless that the present empress has not seen the greater part of them. In style they are quite barbaric, but the gems are of the very first water and value. Crowns, tiaras and necklaces alone would decorate all the chief royal personages in Europe. In the emperor's and empress's apartments the toilet adjuncts are of gold, most of them having been made for the luxurious Catherine II. All the harness and carriage appointments were also gold until the English idea of simplicity came into vogue.

Important Marriages. The marriage of Hertha with Ethelbert of Kent prepared the way for the conversion of England to Christianity. The marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn was one of the chief factors which determined the Reformation.

The marriage of Emma of Normandy with Ethelred the Unready gave the conqueror an excuse for asserting his claim to the throne of England.

The marriage of Henry I. with Matilda of Scotland reconciled the people to the Conquest by restoring the line of Cordic.

The marriage of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine made England the first continental power of Europe, and thus produced the long struggle with France.

The marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York closed the Wars of the Roses.

The marriage of Henry VII's daughter Margaret with James I. led to the union between England and Scotland.

The marriage of Mary, James II's daughter, with William of Orange, gave direction to the revolution of 1688.

The Bow Cravat.

The finishing push to the animal craze has come in the bow cravats of lace, pinned into position with dainty stick pins, jeweled or not, as the resources of the wearer may permit. No woman now considers her street suit complete, without cravat, which is superseding both feathers and fur neck bows.



THE LATEST MOTHER HUBBARD.

Bishop Sleeves. The "bishop" sleeves of velvet will be very popular for spring wear. It is also the only large sleeve that is in the least degree supportable in cloth, as the fullness droops gracefully at the wrist, where it is drawn into a narrow band. The advent of the very full drooping sleeve has not been attended with the preference promised; instead, sleeves are pushed up into a balloon shape and adorned with a rosette or bow of ribbon.

Draped Skirts. Draped skirts have at last got into the streets. A walk down Fifth avenue brought to light many pretty-colored petticoats, generally of velvet, over which are draped some soft material edged with black sequin bead fringe, fur or banded velvet, to correspond with the skirt. The bodice is round, with flowing sash in front and very high collar. Wear draped skirts now if you wish to be up to date.

About Toques. Toques vary both in size and shape, but they are worn almost to the point of monotony. A piece of delicate toned velvet—rose-pink, lettuce-green or the apricot shade—pinned into shape with a scrap of old point lace, a rich flower or a gay feather, turns out a fetching headgear, that can be shaped to become any face.

Old Young Girls.

The new fad now in Paris is for young girls to appear as old as possible, ingenuities being out of the mode. Young girls are seen quite often, particularly debutantes, with powdered hair and make-up as elderly as can be assumed.

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

BEGIN THEIR WORK AT THE C. M. E. CHURCH, DETROIT.

They Come From All Directions—Hard Work to Accommodate the Unexpected Surplus of Delegates.

Robert E. Speer, secretary of the board of foreign missions of the Presbyterian church of the United States of America, gave the opening address to the international convention of the Student Volunteer movement, at Detroit, and consumed the entire evening in its delivery. He took Paul for his subject and divided it up into some twenty divisions and subdivisions, with the resultant "conclusions" and "finality" of the prosaic old school now long since gone to their reward. The audience was all that could be desired in its representative character, and it filled the edifice from floor to ceiling. When the session opened about 8 o'clock all the vacant seats were filled up, and during the evening the aisles and passageways were occupied to their capacity. There were present a large number of local clergymen, the galleries being occupied by the general public. Several prominent delegates occupied the platform, together with about 25 students, who constituted a chorus. In the front of the platform were the words in large letters "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation." Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson delivered the opening prayer. Rev. D. D. MacLaurin, of the Woodward Avenue Baptist church, delivered an address of welcome to the members of the convention. It was, he said, a right royal welcome that he extended. The word "welcome" was written large in their hearts, and the hospitable doors of Detroit were opened wide to them all. The present convention was the only parliament in which they believed—the parliament of one religion—because there was only one Christ, and before him stood those who would carry that religion to the uttermost parts of the earth. President Mott replied and bespoke the thanks of the convention. Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, then offered up prayer. Robert E. Speer was then introduced as the speaker of the evening. His subject was "Paul, the great Missionary Example." There are over 1,500 actual students in attendance, and they represent 200 different institutions of learning. Fully thirty different denominations were also represented, and probably fifty societies like the Epworth League, Y. P. S. E., Brotherhood of St. Andrew, etc. There were about 400 ladies among the delegates.

The feature of the morning of the second day was the address by Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of England, the founder of the China inland missions. Mr. Taylor is a remarkable speaker and was listened to with rapt attention by an audience which crowded the Central M. E. church to the doors. His subject was "Spiritual Preparation" and his thought that the missionary should take the Bible wholly as his guide in all things. Other speakers of the day were Dr. Hudson Smith upon "The Intellectual Preparation" and Rev. H. P. Beach upon "The Practical Preparation." The afternoon was divided into three meetings at the First Presbyterian church. Robert E. Speer presided and addressed the delegates by a number of veteran missionaries regarding their various fields of work. At the Central M. E. church "Woman's Work" was discussed, presided over by Mrs. Luther D. Wishard. Miss Evans, of Tongchong, China; Mrs. Lucas, of India; Miss Dean, of the Girls' School in India, and Miss Genderydyke, of Africa, presented the claims for an educational preparation for the missionary. Dr. Pauline Root, of India, spoke on "Woman in Medical Work in Foreign Missionary Lands." Miss Genevieve Guinness, daughter of H. Gratian Guinness, of London, who founded the well-known missionary institute in that city, delivered an address upon the mission work in China. The Woodward Avenue Congregational church was also well filled and the large number of papers read very interesting. The evening meeting at the Central M. E. was again crowded, the subject being "The Needs and Claims of China," presented by Rev. Dr. J. Hudson Taylor and Miss Geraldine Guinness, of China.

The third day was but a repetition of the first and second with several meetings in different sections of the city, a variety of subjects and a host of speakers. The morning subject was "The Significance and Work of the Volunteer Band." Traveling Secretary Lyon spoke on that line. President Mott read the report of the executive committee which is divided into eight parts. The first speaks of the purpose of the movement—to lead students to a thorough consideration of the claims of foreign missions upon them as a life work; (2) "the field and its cultivation"—universities, colleges, etc.; (3) "the problems which must be solved"—to keep in touch with isolated volunteers; permanently holding volunteers; giving financial aid to needy volunteers; (4) "perils"—too little enthusiasm or too much enthusiasm, etc.; (5) "results"—there are 477 institutions in which volunteers are enrolled, there are over 50 per cent more theological students enrolled as students than 10 years ago, colleges, etc., gave over \$40,000 to foreign missions last year, there are 630 volunteer students now in missions; (6) "influence"; (7) "policy"—the evangelization of the world in this generation; (8) "needs"—sympathy in prayer, sympathy in its workings and sympathy in its financial needs. Eight sectional conferences were held in various churches in the afternoon. Three services were held in principal churches in the evening all very largely attended.

The members of the Students' Volunteer association realize the necessity of the speedy evangelization of the world, and nearly all of the students who attended this convention have already signified their intention of giving their lives to the work of missions in the foreign fields.

Cassopolis Presbyterians dedicated their handsome new church last December, since which time 31 new members have been added to the society.

MINOR MICHIGAN NEWS.

Romer is now lighted by electric lights.

The smallpox scare at Otsego cost the village \$1,000.

Lucas Berichter, of Holland, was killed by a falling tree.

O. McClure, of Spring Lake, was fatally injured by a runaway horse.

The fish hatchery at Charlevoix has been completed and is now in operation.

The proprietors of the Mancelona furnace have reduced wages 10 per cent.

A prisoner in the Flint jail amuses himself by making canes out of sole leather.

There are within the boundaries of Michigan 6,900 Indians, including 2,000 Indian school children.

Saw and shingle mills are starting up again along the line of the Chicago & West Michigan railroad.

Robert Rable, of Keeler, was driving with his daughter, when he instantly died from his heart disease.

Over 200 people have been converted at Manistiquette as a result of the recent revival services at that place.

Sheep are dying off rapidly in Wexford and adjoining counties. A parasite in the head does the business.

The Bear Lake village council has ordained that the saloons of that village must go or suffer the consequences.

Wexford county farmers are going to try hard to raise some fruit next year. One man is actually going to set out peach trees.

Several hundred acres of swamp land will be reclaimed at Decatur this season and devoted to the culture of peppermint.

The younger Democrats of Muskegon have organized for the coming campaign, and will call their organization the Tilden Club.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Christian Missionary Association, district No. 2, will be held at Hartford, March 8 to 12.

Charles Germain, of Muskegon, has brought suit against the city for \$5,000 damages for injuries received by means of a defective sidewalk.

The Globe furniture factory and the Dubuar Manufacturing Co., at Northville, have made reductions in wages of from 7 to 10 per cent.

People in northern Michigan are signing a petition to have all the lakes from Charlevoix to Elk Rapids dredged, to facilitate towing of logs.

Dowagiac's lodge of Modern Woodmen has 135 members, a greater number, it is claimed, than any town of the same population in the state.

The United States fish hatchery at Northville has cared for about 1,500,000 trout eggs this season. One hundred thousand yearlings have also been sent out.

Shaft No. 3 of the North Tamarack mine, the deepest shaft in the world, has reached the depth of 3,550 feet, three-quarters of a mile straight down toward China.

Justice Stevenson, of Eliot, has received a skull and cross-bones letter. If he doesn't release certain persons now in jail the ground will be incriminated with his judicial blood.

The grand council Michigan Royal Templars is in session at Grand Rapids. Among those present are Supreme Counselor L. E. Sanborn, of Buffalo, and Grand Counselor O. E. Law, of Detroit.

C. W. Thorpe, of Little Prairie, has a scheme for developing a water power at that place to furnish electricity for power or lighting purposes to the villages of Marcellus and Decatur.

During a hearing of three young fellows charged with larceny at Linden, a platform gave way with 30 people, precipitating them 15 feet. There is a long list of the injured, but none of them were fatal.

Saginaw's controller has scored a good point in favor of Schewalco coal as compared with that from Pennsylvania. He says that in heating the city hall alone \$2 75 a day could be saved by using the former.

Marlette citizens will vote at the regular spring election on the question of bonding the village for an amount sufficient to build a 24-inch sewer, and the chances are that the question will be decided in the affirmative.

The village lockup at Manistiquette will probably be an unpopular place with tramps, hereafter, the council having passed an ordinance providing that prisoners must work for the city from now on during their terms of imprisonment.

When the Roanoke was stuck in the ice about six miles from Grand Haven, Mrs. Sabina C. Phillips, of Milwaukee, insisted on walking ashore on the ice. She did it, too, stepping over wide crevasses and boldly crossing rough and jagged masses.

Inasmuch as Hay lake channel, St. Mary's river, is almost completed, the secretary of the treasury recommends that \$68,557 be appropriated at once for lighting and buoying the channel, so that it may be made available for passing commerce.

The State Plumbers' association is in session at Grand Rapids. President James Meathe, in an address, recommended that the legislature be asked to pass stringent laws regulating plumbing, and making it subject to inspection in every city of the state. Real estate sharks, wishing to realize heavily on their investments, cut their plumbing down by putting in inferior work and thus promoting disease and death.

A Sault physician was very anxious to attend the Poncelona murder trial. The room was crowded. "You can't get in," said the constable. "Never mind," was the reply, "you give Lawyer McMahon this book; that will do just as well." It was Tidy's Medical Jurisprudence, and between the first two leaves was a little note. "For God's sake, Mac, can't you get me in the worst room, anyhow?" The doctor got in.

The F. & P. M. is holding a 10-mile run from Baldwin to what is known as the Dasher point, which comprises some of the best Norw. pine left standing in the lower peninsula. The timber will be cut in Indian traps.